

# The Ypsilantian

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906.

NUMBER 1385

## SOME -Summer Bargains- THAT ARE QUITE ATTRACTIVE

15 pieces Fancy White Goods reduced from 12½ and 15c to.....	10c per yard
All White Parasols at 25 per cent discount.	
15 pieces 10-c Lawns, mostly dark.....	5c per yard
8 pieces figured Cotton Crapes for Kimonos—regular 18-c goods, at half price .....	9c per yard
One lot 50-cent Collar and Cuff Sets.....	35c

Agent's Samples Muslin Underwear 1-4 Off

There are some rare bargains left in this lot. We wish to close out every piece, therefore shall continue the 25 per cent reduction through this week, or until every piece is sold

## Davis & Kishlar

## Hot Weather Clothes

### Outing Suits

Nothing more comfortable, dressy or serviceable than one of those blue serge, two piece suits, also many handsome patterns in gray worsteds, tweeds and cassimeres, Priced from \$8.00 to \$16.00

### Outing Trousers

Men's and Young Men's fancy flannel trousers, \$1.50 to \$4.00

### Outing Shirts

Attached and detached collars, for neglige wear, 50c to \$2.50

### Straw Hats, Summer Hosiery, Neckwear

IN GREAT VARIETY

### C. S. WORTLEY & Co

#### You Can't Go Wrong

in coming to our store when you are in want of Shoes. Our stock is replete with new and fresh goods of the most desirable kinds.

Old customers know it and stay with us. New customers find it out and multiply.

Come in and look us over.

P. C. Sherwood & Son The Shoemem

## Frank Smith's Ice Cream

tastes better in summer than in winter. He still gives a ten-cent dish for five cents, of the best that can be made of Pure Cream.

And remember also that the greatest possible care is used in preparing Physicians' and Domestic Prescriptions, and you will find that it pays to go for 100 things to

## ...FRANK SMITH...

All kinds of Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

### Ypsilanti Produce Market.

Price paid by dealers.

Prices on cereals and wool are given by Moore & Houston.

YPSILANTI, July 19, 1906.

Wheat.....	70@75
Corn, ears.....	25@30
shelled.....	55@56
Oats.....	82@86
Rye.....	50@55
Barley, 2 cwt.....	1.00
Buckwheat, per 100 lbs.....	1.00@1.25
Clover seed.....	5.00@7.00
Timothy seed.....	1.75@2.00
Hay.....	5.00@8.00
Beans.....	1.00@1.40
Potatoes, new.....	75@80
Butter.....	18@21
Eggs.....	16
Honey.....	10-12
Tallow.....	4
Lard.....	10
Pork, live.....	6@6
Pork, dressed.....	75@80
Beef, dressed.....	51@54
Hams.....	14
Hides, 2 lb.....	10
Wool washed.....	20@28
Spring chickens, live, 2 lb.....	14
Fowls.....	9
Turkeys, live.....	16

### MERE MENTION.

The Ypsilantian Telephones—Office No., 116; residence, No. 125—2 r.

If you have a house and lot or any other property for sale or rent, try a three-line ad. in The Ypsilantian. Three insertions for 25 cents. It brings good results.

Mrs. Elsie Champion returned from a month's visit with friends at Huntington, West Va., this week.

Miss Edith Batterson and Harlie A. Hatt of Indianapolis, Ind., were married Thursday by Rev. Eugene Allen.

Mrs. Joseph Hutting and children have been spending the week at Monroe.

The Presbyterian Young People's League met Thursday with Miss Celesta Eddy. After papers of the Philippines by Miss Eddy and Hunan by Alger Abel music and visiting occupied a delightful evening.

Mrs. J. P. Westfall of Niles has been visiting her son, Dr. F. E. Westfall.

The Detroit district camp meeting of the Free Methodist church will hold their annual camp meeting at the Peninsular grove, Aug. 1-8. Tents will be for rent, and board and lodging will be furnished on the grounds at low rates; but campers must furnish bedding. Straw, poles and lumber will be free. W. C. Muffitt, presiding elder, of Spring Arbor will be among the ministers present.

Don Comstock has returned from Benton Harbor.

Mrs. Allie Austin of Plymouth spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. Waterman.

The grappling hooks recently ordered by the council have arrived and are effective in appearance.

The W. H. M. S. of the M. E. church meets Friday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Earl, Ballard street.

Miss Alvina Seleska of Denton, who was well known here, died Saturday, aged 17 years.

Miss Eva Wainwright is at Lake Orion.

Miss Leone Waterman entertained for her guest, Miss Virginia Cloyd of Streator, Ill.

Miss Luella M. Burton, state factory inspector for factories that employ women, was in the city last week and found the Ypsilanti factories observing the law and providing well for the comfort of their employees.

M. L. VanBuren, the popular night-watchman at the Normal, has returned from a visit with his daughter at Greenville. Mrs. VanBuren is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. H. Murdock in Detroit.

Born, July 14, to Dr. and Mrs. A. L. McGough of Detroit, a daughter. Mrs. McGough was Miss Mary Wortley of this city.

Mrs. D. C. Batchelder is expected home to-day from Chicago.

Mrs. R. M. Cooper has gone to the Upper Peninsula to visit her sister, Mrs. Mallette at Manistique. She will also visit the Soo and Charlevoix.

Miss Anna Tower has returned from Norway and other Upper Peninsula towns.

Capt. E. P. Allen went to Sharon Friday to attend the reunion of the old residents of the Morse-Allen school district. About eighty people were present and a delightful day was spent in reminiscence and speaking and enjoying a bountiful dinner.

An effort is being made to organize an Ypsilanti city baseball team, with numerous high school and other players.

Miss Margie Daniels returned last week from a two weeks' visit at Gregory.

Miss Bernice German is visiting her aunt at Willow.

Martin Boatman and family have moved to Detroit.

Miss Lilly Strong of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting her father, Prof. E. A. Strong.

Dr. S. M. Eaton and family have returned to Battle Creek.

Warren Rogers, president of the U. of M. Y. M. C. A. will speak at Starkweather hall Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Mrs. S. H. Dodge of Lansing and S. E. Dodge of Detroit are Ypsilanti visitors.

Miss Lillian Weinmann is visiting in Iowa and Lyleth Turnbull is acting cashier in Davis & Kishlar's store.

Miss Elsie Brown, teacher of drawing at Houghton, is visiting the Zeta Phi

Sorority, which held a picnic for her Monday.

Hon. P. H. Kelley of Lansing was in town Monday.

Hon. Charles E. Townsend of Jackson will be one of the speakers at the Picnic at Arbeiter Grove, July 31. Rev. Wm. Gardam, Frank McIntyre, the noted actor, Rev. Frs. Kelley and Goldrick, and Jim Harkins are on the program. Music afternoon and evening by a good orchestra. The grove has been donated by the Arbeiter society.

Miss May Creech entertained Tuesday for Miss Nettie Davidson of Marine City.

The Training school closes Friday.

Gov. Fred Warner will address the students at Normal Hall Tuesday afternoon at 4. Citizens are cordially invited. Prof. D'Ooge will give stereopticon talks on Greek Art Monday and Tuesday evenings, and Col. French will lecture afternoons and evenings the rest of the week.

The Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority were guests of Miss Jean Deming at Wayne last evening.

Mrs. H. Camp is visiting near Pontiac. Mrs. Sarah Osband is the guest of Mrs. Karl Judson at Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Slocum of Caro were Ypsilanti visitors Tuesday.

The Ann Arbor Masons have invited Phoenix Lodge to attend their picnic at Whitmore Lake, Aug. 16.

Miss Emma Childs leaves soon for Faribault, Minn., where she has a fine position to supervise the menus at a home for defective children of wealthy parents.

John Hewitt has returned to Humboldt, Ariz.

W. B. Eddy and family are at Portage Lake.

Mrs. Lois Leetch is at Bay View.

Misses Lucretia and Caroline Case are guests of Dr. E. C. Case at Niagara Falls.

Two carloads of summer school students made the trip to Put-in-Bay Saturday with Prof. Sherzer's science class. This week comes the Niagara Falls excursion.

Denton defeated Eloise at baseball at Prospect Park, 10 to 3 Schlicht and Smith were the victorious battery. This Saturday they expect to play the Normal at the campus.

August Schlegel is spending his vacation at Bridgewater and Grand Ledge.

The Normal Y. W. C. A., who have been without a general secretary for two years, have been so fortunate as to secure Miss Iva Bliss of Lansing as general secretary for next year. Miss Bliss has hosts of friends here, who will welcome her back to this city.

Prof. Willard German of the Menominee schools visited relatives in the city this week. He will teach near Chicago next year.

E. H. Casler has returned from a three weeks' visit in New York state.

Miss Viola Loo of Detroit is the guest of Miss Kate Joslyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Smith of Toronto, Ont., are guests of Frank Smith.

Misses Muriel Webb and Celeste Eddy are spending a few days at Portage Lake.

Mrs. Hannah German returned, this week from Whitmore Lake, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Tyler, who have a cottage there.

Miss Mary Benton of Phelps, N. Y., is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. W. M. Osband this week. Lewis Benton of New York city spent Sunday at the Osband home on his way to Chicago.

Misses Daisy Dumfrey and Zella Hall of Battle Creek are visiting Ypsilanti friends.

George Gannon, Normal '01, who taught for two years in the Philippines and has since been superintendent of schools at Connorsville, Ind., has removed to Ypsilanti and next fall will enter the U. of M. medical school.

See Dr. Stein's display ad. in another column. He will be at the Hawkins House Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 23-24-25, and will be glad to examine your eyes and fit you with glasses that will renew your age.

The Normal basket ball men have begun practice. All last year's team will return at once to Wauseon, O., from Detroit and could not come to this city.

Invitations are out for the marriage, Aug. 1 at Burn Oak, of Miss Matilda Bower of the Ypsilanti high school faculty to C. E. McNamara.

Mrs. Ida Lamkin is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Kelley, at Attica. Mr. Kelley has been making a great hit this summer in "His Honor, the Mayor" in New York. Mrs. Kelley will join him in a few weeks.

Richard T. Wyche, who so delighted great audiences at the Normal last week, is spending this week at the Mt. Pleasant Normal and goes next week to the western Normal at Kalamazoo.

The Queen Esther Circle will hold a sale of home-baked goods in the dining room of the Methodist church next Saturday from 10 to 3 o'clock p. m.

Rev. Dr. T. W. McLean of Joliet, Ill., is visiting his former parishioners of St. Luke's church.

Miss Alma Rambo has gone to Denver, Colorado.

Rev. A. J. Hutchins went to Morenci to-day to perform the ceremony at the wedding of E. H. Wisner, Normal '06, of Clayton and Miss Farley of Morenci, a graduate of Kalamazoo College. They will live at Gladstone, where Mr. Wisner is principal of schools.

Mrs. E. E. Jennes has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harold Sayles at Douglass, Mich. Mrs. F. F. VanTuyl of Detroit accompanied her.

Miss Elizabeth Milspaugh of Montgomery, Ala., will spend the next few weeks here.

weeks with her mother, Mrs. Mary Milspaugh.

Frank Wilbur and family have returned to Charlotte.

Mrs. C. W. Childs is visiting Mrs. G. M. Beckington at Garden Prairie, Ill.

Edwin and Arthur Hunt of St. Paul, Minn., are visiting their grandfather, N. B. Perkins.

M. L. Vining was down from Jackson, this week.

Maj. Britton, Sergts. Peck, and Sheldon, Privates Foster and LeFurge, have gone to Port Huron to take part in the national guard target shooting contest to choose the Michigan team for the national contest at Sea Girt, N. J.

Mrs. F. A. Barbour and daughter are visiting at Marquette.

Miss Alice Moore entertained twenty young ladies at her home Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Carrie Bowen, who returned to her studies at Moody Institute, Chicago, Tuesday. A pleasant afternoon was spent.

Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs

# The Ypsilantian.

YPSILANTI MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906

## The Good Old Way.

Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land comes the news of an old-fashioned elopement from Richmond, Ind.

The common or garden elopement is so ordinary and unromantic at every point as to be wholly uninteresting, if not absolutely tiresome, in the recital. A young couple "make a date" with each other, board a street car, ride to the nearest Gretna Green and are married by a parson or a justice of the peace. Usually it is "all for a joke" or "to surprise their friends." Or they slip away in a runabout or an automobile and hike to the nearest marriage license office. Everything is done in a hurry and—in the daytime.

Not so with this Indiana couple. Who knows? asks the St. Louis Republic, and then suggests by way of answer, that "it may be that the influence of Charles Major or Booth Tarkington or James Whitcomb Riley so permeates the atmosphere of Hoosierdom that even the most unresponsive hearts are unconsciously touched by the spirit of romance. It may be that the steady light of fame which beats down upon the broad bosom of Indiana as warm as the midday sun kindles in the hearts of all Hoosiers a peculiar sense of pride which prevents them, even in moments of the wildest exuberance, from indulging in any course not in the highest degree artistic and, therefore, in keeping with the literary processes and ideals of the men who have made the state famous."

It must have been such a force or impulse as this that moved the young Richmond couple to resort to the old-time orthodox, romantic method of eloping by means of a ladder placed at the girl's bedroom window. Not in daylight, mind you; no, not when all the curious world might see, but in the silent watches of the night, and in the dark of the moon, at that. Everything was artistic to the last degree. "The Gentleman from Indiana" performed his part just as gallantly as ever such a loverlikefeat was performed "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

With such an example as this to guide to future generations, we are convinced that the spirit of romance shall not perish from the face of Indiana or the earth.

## After Us the Deluge.

In commenting on nature's kinships, as suggested by conditions in devastated San Francisco, C. E. S. Woods speaks of "the human insect, already busy about its broken home," and adds:

"The whole song of Nature is, 'Let the dead bury their dead.' The dead are only worn out material to be transformed and used again as quickly as possible. It is right they should be neglected and forgotten. It is the great law. Nature concerns herself only with life and with the future, what are the past and the dead to her? What the wailing and writhing and running about of the human ants in their little hill? She never looks behind. The dead do not interest her, only the living and those yet to live. It is a wise law, a merciful mercilessness. It makes us kin to the bee, the ant, the swallow, and to the trees which so quickly cover their scars. Life is so full of sorrow there is no room to cherish sorrow. For myself, I say let me be forgotten. Laugh above my grave as the daffodils, the stars and the dancing waves will laugh. Live and forget grief. The leaves gilt by the sun tremble joyously. The grass shoots its delicate spires in the exultation of living. The earth blossoms in her rapture, and only covers herself with snow that she may dream of buds. From glittering ice caves, so magically blue, even to waving palms, Nature has but one song. The earth is for the living, oblivion to the dead."

Victim of Mowing Machine.

Oron Draper, 16-year-old son of Harvey Draper, of Benton Harbor, while playing around a mowing machine, had both legs cut almost in two between the knees and ankles by a sudden starting of the team. His father had to drive two miles and send six miles for a physician before the flow of blood could be stopped.

The barn of John Spencer, about four miles west of Burt village, was struck by lightning and burned. Two horses were cremated.

Grand Patriarch Bogert and Grand Scribe Penend, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Michigan, are paying a visit to the several lodges in the upper peninsula. The object of the chief officers' visit to Calumet at this time is said to be in connection with arrangements that are being made for the annual meeting of the grand incampment in Calumet in May next year.

Because Justice John Blair would not take a plea of guilty to fast auto driving over the telephone, Dr. E. H. Eddy, of Grand Rapids, came to Ypsilanti. Under the rules there should be five or more contestants to award a gold medal and as there were only three, the medal may be withheld.

Harley Vanamburg, a farm hand, while working on the farm of Levi Woodson, of North Adams, shocking up wheat, was killed by lightning. The storm came up very suddenly and he had just started to leave the field when killed. The clothes he wore were torn to shreds and his shoes and stockings were torn off.

A certain member of the Yale faculty is famous for his power of condensing his many strong antipathies into trenchant epigrams. His pot abhorrence is logic, a fact which was unknown to the student who recently approached him with the question: "Professor, I am thinking of taking logic next year. What do you think of the course?" "Horse sense made astute," responded the professor tersely.

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# MICHIGAN

## EVENTS NOTED

### LIVED SIX WEEKS AFTER PART OF HIS BRAIN HAD BEEN REMOVED.

### RESCUED FROM GYPSIES

### Most Marvelous Case Known to Medical Annals—Girl Sold to Gypsy Escapes.

#### Pierced His Brain.

Thomas W. Brockman, of Bailey, Mich., died in Hackley hospital, Muskegon, from injuries caused by a falling tree while lumbering. His case has been one of the most marvelous known in medical annals. For over six weeks he has lived with a hole two inches in width piercing his skull and with a great portion of his brain removed. The accident in which he was injured occurred at Beechwoods and was caused by a falling tree crashing on his brain. When picked up he still lived after receiving injuries sufficient to have killed any man instantly. Brought to the hospital in an ambulance it was found on examination that a small block of wood and two inches of cap cloth were lodged in his brain. An operation to remove these was temporarily successful, but a few days ago unforeseen complications set in.

Local physicians, as well as out of town experts, are deeply disappointed at Brockman's untimely death as it was thought his case might prove extraordinary in surviving the operation. Brockman was a young man but 18 years of age and leaves his parents, two brothers and a sister, all residing at Bailey.

Gypsy Girl Wife Rescued.

Sold into bondage by her father, Mallica Adams, aged 15, after four years, has been rescued to her uncle in Grand Rapids. Joseph Adams sold his daughter to the leader of a band of gypsies, and she became the bride of his 12-year-old son three years ago. The child wife became a palmist, and finally tired of the gypsy customs. At Harvey, Ill., she learned that her uncle and aunt, Alexander and Mary Adams, were residing in Grand Rapids. She did not like her life and ran away to join them. She was taken in charge by officers, with her uncle, Alexander Adams, a week ago. She has been vindicated of the charge preferred against her by Joe Stephens, another Servian gypsy.

Stephens charged her with the larceny of \$500, but it developed that the grounds for making the charge were based solely on the girl's absence. She was sold to him for the sum named by her father and was the star fortune teller of the camp. She has papers from the juvenile court of Chicago to prove her story and attest her innocence of the charge made.

#### Boy Dies of Lockjaw.

Herbert Goodsell died Saturday morning at the family home in Pontiac of lockjaw, the result of a Fourth of July accident. He was the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goodsell, who have six other children. The night before the Fourth he was playing with a 22-caliber pistol, and received a discharge from it in the palm of his right hand. Later, tetanus developed, and despite the effort of the physician, lockjaw set in Thursday. The little fellow's back curve like a crescent. He lay on the back of his head and the lower part of his spine, suffering untold agony until death relieved him.

#### Water, Famine.

Through the breaking of a piston rod on one of the engines at the Lansing water works pumping station the pressure fell to 20 pounds, and some parts of the city were without water for domestic use or fire protection. Water in the wells which supply the city is very low, and handicapped by the broken machinery, the pumping station was for a time unprepared to cope with a big fire should one break out.

#### A Baby Cyclone.

A young cyclone struck Grand Rapids Friday night, accompanied by a heavy electrical storm. The wind did much damage in the outskirts. Farmers report heavy losses in fruit trees. At Grandville the telephone lines were blown down and streets and cellars were flooded by a cloudburst. The large plant of O. & W. Thum Co. was struck by the cyclone, one building being blown down.

#### Victim of Mowing Machine.

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"I don't want a wife. I want to see how many fools there are among the Kalamazoo women," said Farmer Geo. Collins, when he inserted an advertisement in a local paper, asking for a spouse.

"John Doe," of Battle Creek, has just sent Matthew Riley to the Detroit house of correction for 65 days. Riley was found with a lap robe in his possession. No owner could be found for the robe, so Riley was arraigned for robbing "John Doe." It was a shot in the dark, but Riley replied: "I didn't know the owner's name was Doe, but I stole the robe."

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## THE UNFORTUNATES.

### Suits to Recover For Care of Insane Persons By the State.

Two important suits relative to financial responsibility for persons in the insane asylum are in the probate court at Kalamazoo.

Prosecuting Attorney Jackson brought suit against James Murray, guardian of Thomas M. Murray, an inmate of the asylum, to compel him to pay the expenses of James A. Murray, a son of Thomas Murray, who, like the father, is in the asylum. Young Murray is about 24 years of age and the state claims that the estate of his father is liable for the support.

Judge Hopkins decided that the public should not pay the expenses, and ordered \$500 paid for the past expenses and \$120 a year in the future. The case will be appealed to the supreme court.

The second case is that of Mrs. Iva Van Haften, an inmate of the asylum, and whose bills remain unpaid. Her husband recently tried to secure a divorce from her on the grounds that she was insane when they were married. The decree was denied.

The state's attorney fears that an effort will be made to make this woman a burden on the state and county and brings the action to force the husband, who is able to meet the expenses.

#### Money Thrown Away.

After expending some \$2,500 in preliminary surveys for the dredging, cleaning and straightening of the Grand river from the dam in Jackson, sixteen miles north, a jury in the probate court Friday decided that the work laid out was not a necessary public improvement, and all the proceedings will drop.

Eight citizens who signed the petition to begin the work will be held responsible for the expense incurred. This decision does not affect the status of the intercepting sewer and purifying plant with which the city proposes to remove the sewage from the river and purify it by the water process.

It is likely that the city will now clean the river through the city, abandoning the rest of the project. The drain commissioner's plan called for an estimated expenditure of \$90,000.

#### Horse Roasted to Death.

At a fire which destroyed two barns in Traverse City a pitiful scene was enacted. So fast did the flames spread that it was impossible to get a horse out, and as it slowly roasted to death its pitiful cries were heard for blocks. The barns were owned by J. M. Cillit and Thomas Young. The damage was \$1,050.

#### Michigan in Brief.

Standish and vicinity has an outbreak of measles.

Petoskey people are waging war against railroads.

Over \$125,000 worth of building is going on at Chelsea.

#### A train struck a drove of cattle at Gardendale, killing seven.

#### Rescue mission at Grand Rapids

gave a picnic for 550 unfortunate.

Hillsdale Masons are arranging for remodeling of quarters at a cost of \$8,000.

The Grand Trunk depot at Saranac burned down with its contents, including freight. Spark from an engine.

While harnessing a horse, Mrs. Fred Craft, residing near Sturgis, suffered severe injuries from being kicked. Several ribs were broken.

Bids for rebuilding the wagon factory at the Jackson prison were too high and the plans will be reduced and bids received again on July 30.

The children of the kitchen, Edna, 4-year-old daughter of Patrick Rous and Mrs. Rous, fell into a tub of boiling water. She died from the effects.

James Barlow, aged 81, of Jackson, tried to climb a cherry tree with two ladders which he had tied together. The ladders broke and he fell, sustaining fatal injuries.

The celebration of the Orangemen at Vassar on Thursday was attended by \$8,000 from outside the town. Twenty different lodges were represented in the procession, with 12 bands.

Aldolphus Busch, of St. Louis, is planning a summer resort at Bear lake, where he has secured an option on a quarter section of land. He proposes to build a hotel to cost \$300,000.

James Barlow tied two ladders together and tried to climb a cherry tree at Jackson. The ladder broke, and Barlow in his fall received internal injuries which will prove fatal.

Mrs. A. E. Conover, a prominent Coldwater woman, while sprinkling the lawn today caught her foot in the hose, falling and breaking her ankle. Eight years ago she had a similar accident.

Charles Pate, of Owosso, brakeman on a freight train which was wrecked at Dundee by a broken axle, will lose his right leg, the bones being badly splintered. He was removed to the hospital at Ann Arbor.

The Petoskey council has boosted the license of bida-brac auctioneers from \$50 to \$500 in two years, and now they refuse to pay tax at all. There are eight or ten firms who make a living out of summer visitors.

William Postila, a woodsman employed in a camp near Rice Dale, 20 miles south of Houghton, was struck by a falling tree Saturday morning and died just as he was being carried into St. Joseph's hospital. He was 32 years old.

Miss Clara French, of Detroit, was awarded first position in the oratorical contest conducted by the Loyal Temperance Legion convention at Ypsilanti. Under the rules there should be five or more contestants to award a gold medal and as there were only three, the medal may be withheld.

Construction work on the Keweenaw Central railroad is being pushed rapidly, and it is expected that trains will be running in September. The road will be completed from Lac La Belle to the Mohawk mine, 18 miles, connecting at the latter point with the Mineral Range. There is a marked scarcity of ties.

"I don't know what's the matter with that tail, blond man over there. He was so attentive awhile ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband, you know."

Senator Hale, apropos of an awkward remark, said:

"It reminds me of the conversation of two women at a reception."

"They were strangers to each other. After a moment's desultory talk, the first said, rather querulously:

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After Us the Deluge.

In commenting on nature's kinships, as suggested by conditions in devastated San Francisco, C. E. S. Woods speaks of "the human insect, already busy about its broken home," and adds:

"The whole song of Nature is, 'Let the dead bury their dead.' The dead are only worn out material to be transformed and used again as quickly as possible. It is right they should be neglected and forgotten. It is the great law. Nature concerns herself only with life and with the future, what



# The Ypsilantian.

YPSILANTI, JULY 19, 1906

WITH the incoming of the new president of Drury College at Springfield, Mo., there is to be a new social order. Heretofore when the campus set apart for baseball was not in use by the students, the colored people were allowed to use it for games. But hereafter the sacred ground is not to be defiled by "nigger" occupation at any time. It is said that the tony young Missourians are greatly in favor of the new edict, but good old Deacon Drury must have turned over in his coffin. For Drury was the child of Olivet, as Olivet was the offspring of Oberlin. Evidently Missouri atmosphere is not favorable to Oberlin ideas of justice and equality. It will be worth while to note what The Independent, for instance, has to say on this new departure on the part of Drury. And what will Congregationalists generally have to say? The last word on the subject may not have been spoken and the new president may be prepared to find himself and his school "hailed over the coals" very decidedly.

If anything could add to the contempt with which Anna Gould's husband has been regarded it is his present humiliating condition, rejected as a member of the Chamber of Deputies because he had bought the votives which gave him a majority, penniless and waiting for the alimony which he expects from his wife when the divorce is secured—could a more pitiable apology for a man be found anywhere among people who pretend to be anybody? The American standard of manliness is something that seems entirely beyond the conception of this degenerate specimen of fortune-hunting ignobility.

BEFORE England says too much about the Chicago packing houses, she would do well to investigate her bakeries and jam factories. They are said to be indecently dirty. And, by the way, isn't there need of the old New England standard of good housekeeping every where? "We must all eat our peck of dirt" isn't a modern proverb by any means. The sin of the ages has been dirt, and probably the philosopher had an unusually exasperating experience when he said "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

THE NATIONAL Hickory Association recently organized at Niagara Falls on July 13, must not be mistaken for a democratic party organization left over from Jackson's time. Its object is to save the hardwoods of which hickory is the chief. Government aid will be invoked and the Association hopes to do some effective work.

IN A COMMUNICATION intended to be used abroad President Roosevelt guarantees American canned meat. It is to be hoped the President hasn't forgotten what he once said to the country about "making good," and that he took the sober second thought before he assumed this new responsibility.

A NEW question for debating clubs: "Does a man's being a novelist disqualify him for law-making?" Booth Tarkington and Winston Churchill might be interested in the decision.

TEXAS AND ARKANSAS are of one mind with regard to trusts and propose to work together to bring them to book. Some of the other states take notice.

SECRETARY SHAW wants more \$5 bills. So do we all, only we don't tell it to the papers.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Regulets, and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Regulets bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.

Why, Adrian!

ADRIAN appears to have been having a peculiar state of affairs in its police department as the following from the Adrian Press indicates, but her mayor evidently has developed a backbone that is not made of a tow-string. There was much talk of the disorder at the Adrian home coming recently.

THE COUNCIL at a special meeting sustained the action of the mayor in suspending Mr. Inglehart for striking the marshal. Aldermen commented on the insubordination of policemen, their disregard of duty, gross immorality, utter neglect of their work, etc., as reported in the newspapers. No words were minced, in this discussion, and one thing was made plain—that after a man is elected or appointed to office, he is no longer a democrat, republican, catholic, protestant, K. P. or Odd Fellow, but just as official under obligation to perform the duties of his office impartially, fully, and honestly, for the benefit of the city and the good of the tax payers, and that to do this, he must be a law abiding, and not a law breaking citizen and must see that the laws are observed and not wink at an evasion thereof. He is to suppress disorder, not to encourage it. He is to act in driving out houses of bad repute, instead of being a part of them. He is to be alert, and not sleeping in hock or in back alleys or at the station. There will be no loafing or shirking of duty. Two policemen will not be permitted to stand around the main corners or loaf in stairways. Each man will be requested to attend to duty "on his own beat" and attend to it all the time.

## Communication.

The City Wonderful—Mr. Murray Relates His Experience.

NEW YORK CITY, June 27, '06.

To the Editor of The Ypsilantian: After a stay in Cortland of several weeks I journeyed down to this city by way of Binghamton, Scranton and Stroudsburg through the great anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, and pulled up at Hoboken on the Jersey shore and ferrying across to the city and taking a street car was soon landed on Washington Heights towards the northern end of Manhattan Island in a wonderful, rolling, rocky section on St. Nicholas Ave. This is a beautiful location, overlooking the Harlem river, the Bronx, Long Island and the Sound near the highest point of the city. Just to keep in touch with my friends among your readers I will jot down a few things that interest me and that might please and perhaps instruct those who have never seen the second largest city in the world.

Little incidents occur in traveling that are not worth noticing, yet at the time of occurrence afford quite a little amusement. For instance, just after getting seated in an L car some very nice looking young ladies entered, but the seats being all occupied they had to stand. When the car started with a jerk the said young ladies made a huge lunge and one came plump into my lap. Now that was a thing I had not indulged in for many a long year and it was a very interesting experience. However the young lady very gracefully begged my pardon, but the "pardon" came too late, for all the passengers were indulging in a broad grin at our expense.

I am living "high"—on the fifth floor of a seven story "flat" or department house, with brown stone front and colored porter to "elevate you up and down." In this flat are forty-one families, very near neighbors, but very few acquaintances.

This is called Washington Heights from the fact that during the war of the Revolution Washington's headquarters were located near here in the home of Madam Jumel, at that time one of most aristocratic homes of the country. The old home is now in possession of the D. A. R. and is being repaired, and will be kept as a museum of antiquities of the time of the war.

This is probably one of the oldest buildings in the city and has many things that look odd indeed. The great brass knocker on the front door, a great fire place in almost every room, with the old fashioned andirons, poker and fire shovel, the swinging crane on which the pot hung, in which dinner was cooked, and many more things that a lover of ancient things would delight in.

But I must not stop to describe everything I see in detail, so will give a little experience in the "Trappeny Tube," as the Englishman calls the Subway. First let me say that the avenues of the city run north and south mostly and the streets east and west, and the great business section is on the south end of Manhattan Island which is about twelve miles long. The northern end is built up with flats and of course people have to go and come by street car. From my location I can make choice of surface, elevated or subway cars, either only a block or two away.

Plunging down the long stairway, you first meet the ticket seller, and for five cents you will be rushed at flying speed to the city hall or the Battery you wish.

You will experience some strange sensations as you go plunging down the dimly lighted hole. Your train of four or five cars comes thundering along with impetuous speed, and pulls up with wonderful ease. You drop your ticket in the ticket-choppers' box, you rush in with the crowd and get seats if you can. The guards close the gates, jingle the bell and we are off with the speed of the wind, barely one minute stop.

The cars are well lighted, and also the stations, and lights all along the route, and as you go flying by the lights shoot by like meteors of the sky.

You look ahead and here comes a train around a curve in the darkness. The great headlights look like the gleaming eyes of some great gorgon bent on devouring all in its way. And the noise of the trains crashing by is something awful when first heard. I always think of the great Catacombs of Rome and Egypt when riding down the subway. It's not an unpleasant experience, however.

This great subway is one of the marvelous things of this great and busy city. It is twenty-four miles long, and has in places four tracks, side by side, and the trains consist of from four to seven cars in the morning and evening when the travel is greatest, and trains run from one to five minutes apart through the day and less at night.

Will give in my next some account of the Stock Exchange where fortunes of millions are made or lost in a day.

A. J. M.

A little love, a little wealth,  
A little home for you and me;  
It's all I ask except good health,  
Which comes with Rocky Mountain  
Tea—Smith Bros.

## List of Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining in the post office, Ypsilanti, for the week ending July 14, 1906.

## GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Fisher, John Palmer, James  
Kesherly, James Rose, O  
Kenyon, P Y Thomas, H L  
Miller, F Z Wright, Richard

## LADIES' LIST.

Deland, Mis Florence Quirk, Miss Jane  
Freeman, Maude Sternes, Mrs C A  
Folsom, Mrs Frank Smith, Mis Bertha D  
Leavey, Mary Rose Matt, Miss Elizabeth  
Mann, Miss Edna

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,  
409-415 Pearl Street, New  
York, soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

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# The Upsilonian.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON IV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 22.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xi. 1-13. Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, Luke xi, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.]

We could not pray a better prayer than the request of the disciples in the first verse of our lesson, "Lord, teach us to pray," for by prayer all things are accomplished that can be accomplished, and when we recall such words as these—"What things soever ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it." "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in ye ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you" (Mark xi, 24; John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7)—there is then a real Christian whose heart does not cry, Oh, that I knew how to do it; how to take hold of God and prevail, as Jacob did, as the centurion did, as the Syro-Phoenician woman did, and so many others? The texts just quoted read simply enough, but notice the abiding and asking in His name and that God may be glorified, and keep these in mind as we meditate.

Prayer is real access to God in matters concerning His kingdom and His people. The Lord Jesus was here wholly for Him, never in anything seeking His own will or His own glory, and He could say to His Father, "I know that thou hearest me always" (John xi, 42). If we ask anything according to His will we shall hearth us, and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him (I John v, 14, 15). Oh, it is wonderful! "Lord, teach us to pray." Consider in Luke iii, 21; v, 16; vi, 12; ix, 28, and elsewhere how much Jesus gave Himself to prayer. He knew the reality of heaven, from whence He had come, and of the Father who sent Him and of the angels, and He lived more in heaven than on earth, and thus He was able to live on earth as God's man. The God-man, God manifested in the flesh. We may study, with the greatest profit, the prayers recorded in Scripture, such as those of Abraham, Eleazar, Nehemiah, Asa, Jephoshaphat, Hezekiah, Jabez, Daniel and others, but nothing can compare with our Lord's prayer in John xvii. As a prayer for ourselves the one in our lesson, which was also given on another occasion (Matt. vi, 9-13), is the epitome of all prayer, the sum and substance of all we can desire. It is a prayer for disciples; to them He was speaking, and none but those who have become children of God by faith in Christ Jesus can truly say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." Compare John i, 12; viii, 44.

That all people are children of God, but many do not know it, or that infant baptism makes such infants children of God, is the teaching of man, but not of God. All are by nature children of wrath and must be born again in order to become children of God (Eph. ii, 3; John iii, 3, 7). We have in this prayer seven petitions, divided, like all sevens, into three and four or four and three. The first three are Godward—The name, Thy kingdom, Thy will. The other four concern the believer—our bread, our sins, lead us not, deliver us. Their parallel with the beatitudes is most interesting and instructive. Only the poor in spirit truly hallow His name; others are like Gen. xi, 4, and seek to make themselves a name. The true child of God, considering how the name he so loves is dishonored and how the curse still prevails, cannot but mourn because of it and long for the coming of the kingdom when Rev. xi, 15, shall be fulfilled. The blessed meek, who are to inherit the earth and who now love to be guided (Ps. xxv, 9), seek to know and do His will and long for the time when His will shall be done on earth as in heaven. Hungering for the righteousness of the kingdom (Isa. xxxiii, 1, 17) and waiting for it we live day by day, trusting Him for our daily portion in all things (II Kings xxv, 30; Jer. III, 34). Having experienced so much of God's mercy and forgiveness we freely forgive others, even to the seventy times seven. Seeing something of God and desiring to see more of Him we covet the purity of heart necessary thereto, and fearing lest anything should come between us, we pray, Lead us not into temptation. Recognizing the great adversary as the great peace breaker and desiring the peace of God to rule, we pray, Deliver us from the evil one.

Our emptiness in all things is set forth in the words, "I have nothing to set before Him" (verse 6), for truly we are nothing but sinners and have nothing but self and sin, and we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God (II Cor. iii, 5). Having, as empty, helpless sinners, received the Lord Jesus we at once become rich and possess all things in Him (II Cor. vi, 10). Our Father does not put all things in our actual possession, but they are ours (I Cor. iii, 21-23), and we may draw as needed for His glory. One who asks and does not await or expect an answer will not probably receive, but one who sees or feels the need and persists in asking will receive because of his importunity (verse 8). Compare chapter xviii, 1-8. There is an asking, a seeking and a knocking which obtains, but it must be on the principle of Jer. xxix, 13, "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye search for me with all your heart." Parents do not give to their children stones for bread, serpents instead of fishes, scorpions instead of eggs. How much less will our Father in heaven give anything evil to any of His children.

## What the Kidneys Do

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong And Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily, when unhealthy some part of this impure matter daily, is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms—pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right you will have no trouble with your kidneys.

Mrs. Camp, wife of A. E. Camp, retired farmer, formerly of 438 Huron St., Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I suffered for a long time from pain in the back and loins, one time quite severe and it was gradually growing worse. Noticing Doan's Kidney Pills endorsed by so many people I concluded to try them and procured a box at Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.'s drug store. They turned out exactly as represented and I was promptly and completely cured. I take pleasure in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills at every opportunity."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Benjamin F. Watts, formerly coroner of this county and a jeweler in Ann Arbor for half a century, died of apoplexy July 13. He was an eminent Mason. He leaves a widow and one son.

The telephone service east of Saline has been in bad condition the past few days and Fred Koch was sent out to investigate the cause. He discovered, though hardly to his pleasure, that a swarm of bees had made a hive of the box on one of the cable poles and the wires and all connections were well coated with honey.—Enterprise.

It has caused more laughs and dried more tears, wiped away diseases, and driven away more fears than any other medicine in the world. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Smith Bros.

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Charles Williams, who was at San Francisco at the time of the earthquake, has returned to Ypsilanti again. He was uninjured.

Mrs. Bryant of Detroit visited her sister, Mrs. J. F. Watling, the forepart of the week.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.

JOSEPH WARD, for years the lamp-lighter at Dundee, died at Monroe last week, aged 93 years.

Itching torturing skin eruptions, disfigure, annoy, drive one wild. Doan's Ointment brings quick relief and lasting cures. Fifty cents at any drug store.

The 102d U. S. Volunteers, a colored regiment with several members in Ypsilanti, will hold its annual reunion at Ann Arbor Aug. 1. The colored people of that city will celebrate Emancipation Day at that time also.

The Ann Arbor Baptists have extended a call to Rev. W. A. Lee of Madison, Wis., to become their pastor. He is of English birth and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and Newton Theological Seminary.

Eugene Wagner, assistant editor of the Washtenaw Post, died of heart disease Saturday night, aged 33 years.

A Perfect Bowel Laxative for constipation, sallow complexion, headache, dizziness, sour stomach, coated tongue, belching. Lax-ets act promptly, without pain or griping. Pleasant to take—Lax-ets—only 5 cents. Sold by Frank Smith.

STONY CREEK.

Mrs. Chas. Thompson is quite sick. Mrs. George McGee and children went last week to visit relatives at Farmington.

Prof. Ross preached an excellent sermon Sunday morning from Luke 12:24.

J. C. Bemiss and sister, Mrs. Wm. Hewens went last week to attend the funeral of a half-brother, Dr. Bemiss of Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Eugene Mutschel of Detroit spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Buck.

Mrs. Teeple had the misfortune to lose her shoulder last Wednesday.

Miss Hattie Teeple of Gross Pointe is spending a few days with her mother. Mrs. Henry Johnson entertained her sister, Mrs. Dickerson of Sumpter, last week.

Thomas Johnston, who has been very sick the last two weeks, went to Ann Arbor Monday for an operation.

Born July 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wilson, a 13-pound boy.

The neighbors are making a bee and cutting Tom Johnston's grain for him.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pill for constipation. Smith Bros. druggists.

## WILLIS.

The death of Mrs. Maria Price, widow of Squire Price, who passed away last week, was the termination of years of suffering on her part, and care-takers will be relieved of the pain caused by seeing her suffering. Mrs. Price had many friends who appreciated her many acts of kindness. As a mother she was devoted to her family until sickness deprived her of her power. She leaves two sons and a daughter to mourn her. They wiped the filial tear from eyes wearied by watching by her bedside as the weeks went by. She was a firm believer in the principles of the Advent church, and gave of her means to its support.

Her memory will be cherished. By those still left below, For them she lived and labored With mother-love aglow.

Mr. and Mrs. Centaur's little girl was bitten by a snake last week. He killed the snake and the child said it had bitten her foot. He could not see any mark and thought the child was only frightened. Dr. Smith was called next morning but too late to save the child's life.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Westgate of Clark, Neb., are visiting relatives in this vicinity. They gave us a short call last week. We were pleased to meet them. They left home five weeks ago, and say the crops were looking fine when they left.

## MUSINGS.

When I am gone from earth Into the great unknown, Surround my bier and o'er my prostrate form

Breathe fervent prayer that I may rest, Believing in your heart of hearts He knoweth best.

N. B. Truth, St. Paul, June 31, '08.—I've lived so long, I remember well when the Mississippi was a brook. My good health and long life came by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Smith Bros.

## PITTSFIELD.

Harrison Stuck of Chicago is visiting his sister, Mrs. Crane.

Quite a number from Pittsfield attended the show Monday.

Mrs. George Brown, who has been quite ill, is much better.

B. J. Hausman has between six and seven hundred white leghorn chickens all hatched by hens this season. When taken from the nests there were 681 as lively a lot of chicks as one would be likely to see. There is only about four weeks' difference from the youngest to the oldest. The loss has not been great, only about 40.

Mr. Consey has his new barn about completed.

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## YPSILANTI TOWN.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Westgate and daughters, Elma and Florence, of Clark, Neb., who have been visiting relatives here, left Tuesday for Detroit.

Mrs. John Waterbury was called to Alma last week, her sister being very low with cancer.

The death of Harry Breining has shocked the community, where he was highly regarded. His parents have general sympathy. One son died two years ago of appendicitis and the other is a mere child.

Ypsilanti Grange will hold its annual picnic and children's day exercises Saturday at the Peninsular mill grove.

## A Golden Wedding.

A happy gathering was that at the home of Robert Huston at Cherry Hill Tuesdays when eighty guests helped Mr. and Mrs. Huston to celebrate their golden wedding. Mr. Huston and Miss Jane A. Comer were married at Plymouth by Elder Warren July 17, 1856, and have lived at Cherry Hill ever since. Of their children, three sons in the west could not come home, but one sent his wife, Mrs. Newton Huston of Colorado. The three daughters, Mrs. Mary Gill, Kalamazoo; Mrs. Nellie Cobb, Detroit; Mrs. Charles Smith, Denton, were present, and three sons, Charles of Kalamazoo, John of Wyandotte, and Leon of Cherry Hill, also. A large number of grandchildren and two great-grandchildren were also guests, and three of the original guests at the wedding fifty years ago, Mrs. Nelson Fowler, Mrs. Amanda Moody of Howell and Daniel Cobb. A bountiful dinner was served on the lawn, and speeches were made by Henry Horner and Rev. Mr. Pierce, while many beautiful gifts of silver and gold were presented as tokens of esteem. The bride and groom showed an ancient daguerreotype of themselves taken years ago, and sat for a modern photograph afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Huston are prominent in the community and hold the universal esteem of their neighbors, who wished them many happy returns of their anniversary.

Guests came from Plymouth, Wyandotte, Detroit, Belleville and many other places to do them honor.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Cherry Hill church gave Mr. and Mrs. Huston a surprise party that evening, passing a pleasant evening with games, visiting and speeches.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pill for constipation. Smith Bros. druggists.

## The L. T. L. Convention.

The L. T. L. convention last week proved, though not so large in numbers, one of the best in the Legion's history. The enthusiasm was great, and the presence of the national secretary, Miss Margaret Wintringer, was of great help and inspiration. Over 2000 subscriptions were pledged for the Crusader Monthly, of which she is editor, more than any other state. Over \$200 was raised for the state treasury, and a good sum was subscribed towards the support of an L. T. L. worker in Japan, where a remarkable field is opening. Ten new life members were pledged by their friends, those named as recipients including Mrs. M. E. Benedict and Mrs. E. T. Green of Ypsilanti, Mrs. A. Andrus and Mrs. Frances Preston of Detroit, J. C. Killick of Pine Lake and Mrs. Bowerman of Williamson. The establishment of a circulating library was also a step in advance, and many books were pledged, Clyde Taylor of Otsego is librarian. The bureau of exchange, through which papers of especial interest are sent around to the various legions of the state is another new but good thing. President Starr's address and several of the papers read at this meeting were voted to be so sent.

The address by President Floyd Starr was optimistic and practical. Self-culture was his key note. The L. T. L. members owe it to their cause to make the best of themselves and to make themselves educated, well-informed, healthy, vigorous people in order to carry on the work as it should be done. Physical culture is as necessary as mental and spiritual, and he asked that more be done along this line. Athletics will popularize the L. T. L. more with boys than any other thing, and baseball and football give the worker a chance to get nearer the boy's heart and life. He also urged more attention to the purity department, teach temperance in all things, eating as well as drinking; and fight all the allies of the saloon as well as liquor. Don't give up the work after a little; there is plenty of time if you do not fritter it away, so that you can give flowers or fruits to the sick or read to a shut-in. Carry on the work persistently, hopeful ever and then report what you are doing. Even if it be little, it may inspire others to try, and many a good deed will be done because your deed suggested it.

The paper by Miss Hazel Fitch Jackson on "Cigarettes" gave the evils and the causes of troubles resulting from their use in such shape that the paper was put in the exchange bureau, as was that by Carl Unterkercher on ways of raising money for the L. T. L., telling of different kinds of socials and entertainments that will be popular, and Miss Lindsay's paper on the benefits of county organization.

Thursday evening Mrs. E. L. Calkins of Kalamazoo, state president of the W. C. T. U. talked on the financial burden of the liquor traffic. She spoke of Roosevelt's demand for a square deal. The cost of courts, charitable institutions and other officers of Kalamazoo county last year was \$76,000. The liquor organ had said that the saloons paid all these expenses and more, but as a fact, the saloons paid only \$32,000, and nearly all these county expenses were chargeable to them. Of the 1089 arrests in the county that year 707 were plain drunk, and a large part of the rest were vagrants, also drunk. She declared that the only way to reform the saloon is to kill it, and urged more earnest work against it, as the saloons do not give a square deal.

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CHAPTER VII.  
A few days later, attended by a small military escort, the party left the fort.

Winslow explained to the commander that there was double reason for truce—in their unwillingness to further trespass on his hospitality, no less than in the impatience of the ladies to join their relatives. Reasons which, though with all hospitable intent, the colonel supplemented by the practical suggestion that they take advantage of the present frosty condition of the trail. A little later, when the spring thaw had set in, the swamp lands would be well nigh impassable.

There being no available guides at the fort, it was decided that the soldiers accompany them to the nearest Indian village, a half day's march away, where they could obtain ponies and a guide for the journey north.

The little party arrived at nightfall within the Indian settlement, and the soldiers returned to the fort, having made arrangements with the chief of the village for their safe conduct.

Left to themselves in the gloomy wigwam, the travelers had much ado to be cheerful. The place was ill-smelling and close, and the flickering firelight but served to bring into bold relief the grotesque shadows that floated them from every corner.

The loose-fitting skins of which the walls were made, creaked and flapped gismally. The brush of a fox and the head of a deer hung over the doorway; stray feathers blew over the floor as the wind stole in. Mrs. Creighton gave a shiver of disgust.

"How grawsome this place is. Trophies of dead things everywhere! I feel as though we were entertaining ghosts."

Lavender laughed low—uneasily. "Hush, and she lifted a warning finger. "Sombody is outside."

Winslow lifted the heavy flap that curtained the threshold. A rush of air made the torch burn low, and in



"A HARD CHOICE, TRULY," LAVENDER AGREED, WITH A SAUCY TOSS OF HER CHIN.

In darkness they could dimly discern the figure of a man—tall, with a waving eagle plume above a beaded head-dress.

"Come in, friend," said Winslow, but the stranger made no move to enter. "Is the white maiden here?" His speech was guttural, but not harsh. "Where is the maid who is not afraid of an Osage arrow? Owatoga would speak with her!"

Owatoga! Then he had followed them. Was it as friend or foe? Lavender rose and went to the opening. "I am here, Owatoga."

There was a nervous quiver in her voice, and she grasped Winslow's arm, but the gigantic figure outside made no move nearer.

"You will need a guide—Owatoga knows the forest," he said.

Winslow dropped the curtain, and stood outside in the darkness, keeping close to Lavender as he addressed the Indian.

"You are a friend to this white maid?"

For answer, the other said, with irreverence: "The arrow was taken out quick; Owatoga was not left to die."

"Then you are better? I am so glad," Lavender said, and the Indian responded, gravely: "Owatoga is well; he will for the guide for the white people tomorrow."

Without waiting for thanks, without further explanation, he disappeared, and Lavender whispered, triumphantly, as they reentered the wigwam: "I knew we could trust him!"

Next day they left the village, led only by their self-appointed guide. The ponies and other equipment had been bought of the Indians. Part of their route was to be that known as the Char. trail. The town of New Madrid was their first destination—there they would await the earliest boat north.

On stout Indian ponies they rode; sometimes over damp and slippery paths, but often where the hoofs beat rhythmic measure on the frozen way. Occasionally they crossed wandering bands of Indians, meeting with solid indifference or friendly grunts, but never a hostile show. By night camp fires kept off the cold, and sterner foes, whose hungry howling was a mocking lullaby.

Owatoga rode ahead, rigid—silent as a skin chieftain on his horse awaiting mortal—the quick and the dead together.

Winslow's spirits rose with the occasion, and he begged with cheerful talk and unwearied attentions the "outing," as he laughingly called it.

Mrs. Creighton, too, rallied all her physical forces, and bore without flinching the discomforts of the hard travel.

America, alone, was miserable—the picture of cosmic distress.

Lavender was her buoyant self, and for the first time appealed to Charles in a purely personal way. Heretofore he had regarded her merely as a beautiful, but unessential factor in the sit-

uation—gradually she had come to be the sum of it.

Bent upon ambitions, his future late in carving, love was in Winslow's mind an unwelcome guest; an intruder whose visit was to be deferred as long as possible. But there were signs of its coming; as Winslow watched Lavender—observed her tender thoughtfulness toward her mother—her regard for the welfare of all. He remembered the picture she made when seated in the wood with the Indian's head on her lap. Bare-headed, her hood the wounded man's pillow, the dying sun tipping her hair with arrow-points of bronze, she had seemed a wreath of daylight in the gathering shades. This revelation of the softer side of the girl's nature, of her ministrant care and dauntlessness in danger, touched him where ball-room blandishments or mere trifles of maidenhood had failed.

He rode in advance, often turning for a word or smile. Often there were scarlet berries at her throat, or leaves twisted in mocking imitation of Owatoga's headdress.

Winslow's pleasure in the sight—his growing joy in her company, was dampened by self-reproach. Had all his hopes, his ambition for a career in the land of promise, come to this? That he could find content and satisfying happiness in the mere presence of a woman?

At last they came in sight of the Mississippi; dark, silent, the waters rolled, a vast moat; beyond it, steep and sheer, a wall of rock. To the travelers, ignorant of all that lay behind, that rocky wall might have been the fortress of the setting sun.

The spring was early, and ice drifted helplessly under its torn ceremonials of snow. They were not far from the settlement of New Madrid, and it was determined to follow the course of the river until the town was reached.

Slowly northward, for the spring rains had begun, and the fens and marshes were slimy underfoot, and foggy overhead.

The river, bearing its icy burden away to the south, served them in guidance grim, but true.

At last they reached the point directly opposite New Madrid. The squat stone cabins of the settlement were huddled together on the farther bank like great cakes of ice thrown from the river.

The day was gloomy; the blustering wind, hag-ridden, hurled snow and rain in their faces with alternate spite.

"This is not exactly a welcome, warm and heartfelt, is it?" laughed Winslow, as they dismounted and stood on the bank of the gray river under a scowling sky.

Out of the dusk loomed a group of wigwams, and Owatoga went forward to reconnoiter. He returned in company with another Indian whom he had engaged to ferry them over. Their few household goods had been carried in crates, bound with deer-skin to the backs of ponies, and these were transferred to one pirogue. Two others were reserved for the passengers.

They arranged for the sale of the ponies and hospitality for the night, but with the first dawn the party embarked on the river.

One Indian stood in the prow, pushing aside with a long pole the cakes of ice which drifted like inquisitive monsters, close to the driving keel.

America cowered in abject fear in the stern; alternately invoking the wrath of Heaven upon the rash undertaking, and beseeching Divine aid in its outcome.

The other women bore the discomfort and danger with fortitude, even pleasure. In both was a strong sense of the dramatic, the picturesque. To Lavender, especially, this was as a swirl of wine—this race with the swirling ice on the dark water in the cold gray dawn. Here and there a vain star yet dangled for a last look at herself in the watery mirror.

All was quiet in the village as they neared the shore, and the boats rubbing their sides together in friendly fashion as they grazed on the sand, was the only sound.

There was no tavern then in the town, but every cabin had a spare bed and seat at table where strangers were allowed to stay. For it was scarcely a welcome which these frontier folk extended—it was rather a tolerant suffering. Such a return in money or trade as the guest saw fit to make, was accepted, but none was ever demanded. Their doors were open, and with the opening of the door they considered duty done; the stranger could make shift to find his own nook in the chimney corner.

Such fare the travelers found, and for Lavender the style held a quaint, attractive interest.

"I like this kind of hospitality," she said one day. "I like their independent attitude. What they give is freely given, and one feels that it is with out effort."

"Entirely so," Winslow agreed, dryly, and I don't like it. "Pot luck," as they call it, never appealed to me. I rather enjoy being made over."

CHAPTER VIII.

Suddenly, as if to surprise them, came the spring.

The winter carpet of sodden leaves was changed to one of bright young grass. Pussy-willows, like molting birds, dotted the marshy land with their yellow feathers, and every shady nook was dappled with pale and drooping wild-flowers.

On an afternoon in early March, Winslow and Lavender strolled to the water's edge to look for the boat which was hourly expected. A skiff was moored on the beach, and Lavender jumped to its prow, and shading her eyes from the dancing sun, gazed down the river.

"In faith, a fine figure-head," Winslow said, "this is not the first time men have fought for a woman," and he turned away.

Winslow was tempted to follow—both from personal unwillingness to witness the harrowing scene, and from innate respect for the sanctity of sorrow. But just then he met the agonized gaze of the octoroon. All a woman's soul flashed from the eyes of this helpless chattel.

Rapidly his mind searched every avenue of escape for her. There was a way—he would try it.

"Will you tarry a moment?" and he closed the door as he spoke, "I have a suggestion to make."

From her belt dangled a bunch of dogwood blossoms—the first trophy of the season.

"See, look! they are coming!" and piroqueting joyously, she shook the frail skiff until the oarlocks rattled.

Winslow sprang into the boat with her, his arm steadyng her swaying figure, his hand in hers.

The black bulk of the unwieldy keel-

boat was plainly visible—a dark line in the agate of river and sky.

Soon they could distinguish the forms of men on shore as they walked with bent head, and arms straining at the long cordelle, and there was a chorus of greeting.

It was indeed a cosmopolitan cry. The foreign twang of Spaniard, and Frenchman joined to the lusty call of the American pioneer, while here and there an Indian gave a whoop of welcome, and even America added her uncouth dialect to the greeting that sounded over the water.

On came the men, and after them the boat, drawn like the carcass of some huge thing of the sea.

A landing was soon made, and the captain came ashore—a swaggering, ill-conditioned fellow, whose ox-like strength and ferocity of temper held his little world in check.

There was clamorous outcry for goods expected or space for new cargo, but it consumed little time, since a large dry goods box carried the average shipment.

The appearance of the boat—her crew and passengers, was anything but prepossessing. Rough, uncouth, and, for the most part, depraved, the prospect of a journey with such men was disheartening.

But Winslow and his party resolved to make the best of it, keeping themselves and their inopportune refinement as much in the background as possible. Cramped quarters were provided them, and when the boat was ready they took leave of the settlement, "with surprisingly little regret, considering your fondness for 'pot luck,'" Winslow said, laughingly to Lavender.

The boat made slow progress, but they found ample entertainment in the beauties of the view. The sky and water, the now verdant banks on either side, were constant food for thought or converse. But to the majority of their fellow-voyagers, blind to shifting cloud and changing shadow, to ice-seamed bluff and towering pine, the south dragged wearily.

Gambling was the chief diversion, and most of the men were inveterate players. Among these was a once wealthy planter journeying in company with an octo-son slave. He had lost a fortune at the gaming table, but was possessed with a fever to win it back at a like hazard.

The woman usually watched his play, and her influence alone had thus far prevented his utter ruin. Over his shoulder she often hung, and her dark comeliness would attract him from the dice or cards.

Toward the close of the second day's travel Winslow walked into the forward cabin, where the planter sat at cards with two men. One of them, Pat Finch, the captain, shouted as Winslow entered: "Take a hand?"

"No, thanks, I'll look on."

There was silence, broken only by the rattle of coin, and the oaths of the players.

The air was stifling with the fumes of drink and tobacco, but Winslow remained, fascinated by the tense attitude of the gamblers. Evidently some untoward excitement was pending—the stakes were high.

Suddenly there was a gurgling cry of "Lost, by God!" and the planter fell face downward on the table, scattering cards and money in blind confusion.

Another pause, then Finch, the captain, spoke: "It was a fair game, and damme, if she ain't mine!"

At the brutal words, the prostrate man rose, and shot a look of mingled hatred and pleading as would have touched a heart not maled and prof.

Suspicion of the frightful barker came over Winslow, but controlling a sickening sense of disgust, he asked, calmly: "Then the stakes were high, gentlemen?"

The planter groaned and dropped his head again to the table.

With a devil-may-care fling of his great shoulders, the captain rose. "High?" he repeated, "well, if there's a finer wench in the Louisiana territory, I'd like to have her, that's all."

At this the stricken player sprang to his feet, and with the grasp of a tiger was at the speaker's throat.

The door was suddenly opened, and the whole party were surprised to see the tall, heavy-browed Spaniard, his massive head covered with black curly hair which was carelessly tilted a wide-brimmed hat. This was half the time Lord Chelmsford was splitting up his forces, the enemy, 15,000 strong, lay low to charge down upon Isandhlwana in his absence. He returned to the camp to find every man butchered. The whole force left, over 800, had been slain, while the victors had made a haul of 102 wagons, 1,400 oxen, two seven-pounder guns, 400 rounds of shot and shell, 800 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ball cartridges, £60,000 worth of commissary supplies, and certain regimental colors.

The bravest were heartsick when they went to bury the victims of Isandhlwana. For five months the bodies lay unburied, though gallant men volunteered again and again in the meantime to undertake the work.

Carrion birds had accomplished their foul work, and merciful nature with a green carpet of verdure had done her best to obliterate the awful relics of the tragic day. But the burial party were able to discover 500 bodies and identify many. Money and checks, portraits and letters, jewelry and souvenirs littered the hillside. Everywhere were evidences of the ferocity of the struggle. The Zulus are said to have lost 2,000 men; but these had for the most part been carried off. Here and there, however, were found black men and white locked in the savage embrace in which they had died. One Zulu was found with his head driven by a British bayonet a foot into the ground; a Briton with his dead antagonist beneath him, and an assegai in his back to tell how he had died after mastering the foe in front.

At the brutal words, the prostrate man rose, and shot a look of mingled hatred and pleading as would have touched a heart not maled and prof.

With wondering anxiety the woman scanned each face, then timidly approached the gamblers: "William, I have heard of you all. You are the bravest men in the world."

America stood rigid. Over her eyes a horrid comprehension grew, darkening them like a film shutting out the light.

Finch grasped her with half scowl, half leer on his cruel face. "One man's meat is another man's poison," he said, "and you know, my girl."

With a shriek she turned from him to sink at the feet of her master. "Not me? You have not sold me?" and she murmured broken words of anguish, groveling on the floor, her head on his knee.

"We are intruding, señor."

It was the third player who spoke—a tall, heavy-browed Spaniard, his massive head covered with black curly hair which was carelessly tilted a wide-brimmed hat. This was half the time Lord Chelmsford was splitting up his forces, the enemy, 15,000 strong, lay low to charge down upon Isandhlwana in his absence. He returned to the camp to find every man butchered. The whole force left, over 800, had been slain, while the victors had made a haul of 102 wagons, 1,400 oxen, two seven-pounder guns, 400 rounds of shot and shell, 800 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ball cartridges, £60,000 worth of commissary supplies, and certain regimental colors.

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## THE SCIENCE OF LIVING.

Dr. George F. Butler Tells How to Eat and How to As-similate.

Dr. George F. Butler, medical super-intendent of the Alma Springs San-ctuary, Alma, Mich., in the October number of "How to Live," gives some interesting as well as sensible rules for acquiring and keeping health. He says: "Without we eat and drink, we die! The provocative to do both rests with the appetite, which, in process of time, becomes a very uncertain guide; for the palate will often induce a desire and relish for that which is most mischievous and indigestible. The old saying of 'eat what you like' is now shunned by everybody of 20 years' experience. Still, without appetite, it is a very difficult affair to sub-sist—for the pleasure depends chiefly upon the relish. The relish may become, as has been stated, a vitiated one, but it is quite possible to make the stomach, by a little forbearance and practice, as enamored of what is wholesome and nutritious, as of that which is hurtful and not conceivable."

Again he says: "The delicate should feed carefully, not abundantly; it is not quantity which nourishes, but only that which assimilates."

"Be careful of your digestion" is the keynote of the doctor's argument. He says: "Health in man, as in other animals, depends upon the proper performance of all functions. These functions may be shortly said to be three: (1) tissue change; (2) removal of waste; (3) supply of new material. For the activity of man, like the heat of the fire by which he cooks his food, is maintained by combustion; and just as the fire may be prevented from burning brightly by improper disposition of the fuel, or imperfect supply of air, and as it will certainly go out if fresh fuel is not supplied, and may be choked by its own ashes, so man's activity may be lessened by imperfect tissue change and may be put an end to by an insufficient supply of new material and imperfect removal of waste products.

"We should see to it that free elimination is maintained, for the ashes must be kept out of the system in order to have good health. The skin, kidneys and bowels must do their eliminative work properly. If the bowels occasionally become torpid, try to regulate them with exercise and proper food, such as fruits, green vegetables, salads, cereals, corn, whole wheat or graham bread, fish, poultry, light soups, etc. Plenty of water is also valuable, and a glass full of cold or hot water the first thing upon rising in the morning will aid much in overcoming constipation. Regular habit, cold baths, and massage are very efficacious. In case the constipation does not yield to these hygienic measures, some simple, harmless laxative may be required, such as California Syrup of Figs—a non-irritating preparation of senna in fig syrup. Laxative mineral waters are beneficial in some cases, but not to be employed continually.

"Above all be an optimist, keep the heart young. Cultivate kindness, cheerfulness and love, and do not forget that we shall pass through this world but once." Any good thing, therefore, that we do, or any kindness that we show to any human being, let us do it now. Let us not defer it or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again."

Wants International Observatory. Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of the Harvard observatory, proposes to establish an international observatory. His committee is to be composed of the eminent astronomers of the world, who are to raise a sum of money, have a gigantic telescope built and placed on the most suitable spot on earth, and all to go to work.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children's teething, softens the gums, reduces tor-sion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25¢ a bottle.

Even an electric button won't accom-  
plish much unless it is pushed.

## What is a Backache?

### IT IS NATURE'S WARNING TO WOMEN

Diseases of Woman's Organism Cured and Consequent Pain Stopped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"It seems as though my back would break." Winslow, after these words over and over again, but continue to drag along and suffer with aches in the small of the back, pain low down in the side, "bearing-down" pains, ner-  
vousness and no ambition for any task.

hiding his rage and discomfiture under a grim laugh, he strode from the room.

There was some excited talk, and a stifled scream from the octo-  
ron. For the first time Winslow addressed her: "I believe they call you mine, since the cards have so decreed, but pardon me, if I decline the honor. It would save me responsibility if you would remain under the care of this gentleman," and he waved his hand to the planter.

Without a word, but with a world of gratitude in her deep eyes, the woman glided to her old master's side. He murmured a half articulate "Thank you" to Winslow, and together they left the room.

"Well, you are a softie!"

"What are you skeered of?"

But Winslow was glad to escape the jeering congratulations, and quickly made his way out and up to the deck, followed only by the Spaniard.

"This is Mr. Winslow, I believe?" the latter said. "My name is Gon-zaga."

After a few preliminary words, he said, admiringly: "You play well, sir; for an American," adding, with a smile, "I think my countryman must have had a glimpse of you revealed to him when he wrote his story of 'Don Quixote'."

Winslow laughed. "You flatter me, and yet in the matter of ridicule, perhaps I do share his honors."

The Spaniard did not reply to this, and the two men smoked in silence.

At last Gonzaga spoke. "You have been knight-errant to fairer dames than this octo-ron—is it not so?"

At this meaning tone Winslow frowned; it was plain whether the question tended. He had observed this stranger's eyes following Lavender in bold admiration. It was only



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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Winslow continued: "If, as I understand, this gentleman has lost, and the woman was the stake upon his side, then, according to the laws of gambling—for I believe, there are laws of gambling—the woman is yours." He indicated the winner by a polite bow. Then may I inquire the amount staked to be?" he added.

A pause followed this abrupt question.

The planter, whose courage gradually rose with his springing hope, muttered: "One hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars? A pitiful sum! You gave frightful odds." Winslow added, with suave sarcasm. Then turning to the captain, he proceeded: "It appears, then, that the woman is yours, but she is evidently an unwilling prize. Does not this fact considerably lessen her value? Suppose we play again, she the stake on your side—this mine."

He drew a small sack from his pocket, and laid it upon the table. No sound followed the clink of metal, but a woman's shuddering sigh.

Under gloomy brows her old master stared at the new. The latter stood for a moment, a frown of baffled rage distorting his sinister face.

"She was fairly staked, and fairly won," he declared. "The odds are not my business, and d—d if I'm to be bamboozled out of the profit of a fair game!"

"But what profit is there in an unwilling slave? You might sell her, to be sure, but that would not be sportsmanlike, and—" here Winslow stepped nearer with insinuating clink of money: "Come, you are no Shylock to stick to the letter of the bond; come!" and he slowly counted out \$100 which he slid to the table. The sack he replaced in his pocket.

All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self-contained.

The Spaniard looked on with an amused, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the bow of a Chester-field, and the air of a student, should break a lance with so hardy an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and watchful; keen to observe the slightest change in the situation.

In spite of the antipathy of race and habit, there was a bond uniting these two—a bond stronger than creed or custom. Red skin and black covered hearts that beat in unison to the same refrain, love for those they served. They would sit apart from the others, native antagonism bridged by this common interest.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes.

Two or three loungers strolled in, and there was an interested ring about the players.

A few more turns of the cards, and both men pushed back their chairs—the game was over!

"She is yours, take her, and go to the devil!" roared the captain. Then,



"I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN GAMBLING," SHE SAID, "BUT IN SUCH A CAUSE WE WON'T SCOLD."

hiding his rage and discomfiture under a grim laugh, he strode from the room.

There was some excited talk, and a stifled scream from the octo-ron. For the first time Winslow addressed her: "I believe they call you mine, since the cards have so decreed, but pardon me, if I decline the honor. It would save me responsibility if you would remain under the care of this gentleman," and he waved his hand to the planter.

Without a word, but with a world of gratitude in her deep eyes, the woman glided to her old master's side. He murmured a half articulate "Thank you" to Winslow, and together they left the room.

"Well, you are a softie!"

"What are you skeered of?"

But Winslow was glad to escape the jeering congratulations, and quickly made his way out and up to the deck, followed only by the Spaniard.

"This is Mr. Winslow, I believe?" the latter said. "My name is Gon-zaga."

After a few preliminary words, he said, admiringly: "You play well, sir; for an American," adding, with a smile, "I think my countryman must have had a glimpse of you revealed to him when he wrote his story of 'Don Quixote'."

Winslow laughed. "You flatter me, and yet in the matter of ridicule, perhaps I do share his honors."

The Spaniard did not reply to this, and the two men smoked in silence.

At last Gonzaga spoke. "You have been knight-errant to fairer dames than this octo-ron—is it not so?"

At this meaning tone Winslow frowned; it was plain whether the question tended. He had observed this stranger's eyes following Lavender in bold admiration. It was only

a matter of time when, in the little privacy afforded by the crowded boat, he would have an opportunity to thrust his acquaintance upon them. This Winslow meant to defer as long as possible, from motives he could not have explained.

But this foreigner was not to be lightly turned from his purpose. "I quite envy you, sir," he persisted, "you are not dependent for society upon the rabble of the boat. Would it be too much to ask an introduction to your charmed circle?"

At that moment Lavender appeared on deck. Seeing Winslow engaged with a stranger, she would have turned back, but Gonzaga spoke loud in an affectation of civility: "Pray, do not let me disturb you, and in his manner was evident expectation of the introduction, which Charles grudgingly gave.

Lavender courtesied low, then, turned to Winslow with a teasing smile: "I hear you have been gambling," she said, "but in such a cause we won't be disturbed."

Gonzaga interposed: "Truly, the woman seemed well worth the effort." But the suspicion of evil in his eyes was too carefully veiled for Lavender's understanding. "Indeed, she was" was her simple comment. "Such gratitude I have never seen. We are all grateful, for humanity's sake."

Charles waived further discussion of the subject, and as soon as possible found an excuse to take Lavender below.

The Spaniard stood alone, pensive, watching the smoke from his cigar, as it idly curled above his head, or with a sudden flaw was blown away in whirling rings.

Shrugging his shoulders, he said, half aloud: "A rose blossoming in the wilderness!"

His teeth showed in a sardonic smile. "Nor is this rose without its guardian thorn. Well, so much the better worth plucking!" and he joined the others in the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

Thenceforward the little party was augmented by the unfailing presence of the Spaniard, Gonzaga.

Yet the newcomer bore himself in such quiet, gentlemanly fashion, as to disarm objections. He was never obtrusive, and contrived to make his society so agreeable that no one was he unwelcome. Even Winslow, who severely deplored his coming, could not but admire his tact, his graceful, flowing conversation, his knowledge of the world.

To Mrs. Creighton one day the Spaniard said: "I have no plans, madam, and when I hear you talk of your future home, and of all you mean to do there, I feel like a wanderer, a good-for-naught. And in truth, I am. A long sojourn in New Orleans became fatiguing; I heard a great deal of this wonderful new land which my own country was foolish enough to let slip from its crown. One day a boat started, thither bound. I embarked—I am here, your servant."

And that was all he ever vouchsafed in explanation of his presence.

There were, however, two of the party to whom this new acquaintance was most unwelcome. Though America and the Indian guide kept ever in the background, they were alert and watchful; keen to observe the slightest change in the situation.

In spite of the antipathy of race and habit, there was a bond uniting these two—a bond stronger than creed or custom. Red skin and black covered hearts that beat in unison to the same refrain, love for those they served. They would sit apart from the others, native antagonism bridged by this common interest.

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## The Ypsilantian.

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W. M. OSBAND, Editor and Proprietor  
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YPSILANTI, JULY 19, 1906

The Police Court Is Busy.

The peaceful opening of Justice Gunn's term of office was not prophetic, and any one who does not think the Justice is earning his salary should stay in his office awhile.

Thursday he obtained a pretty souvenir for his desk in the form of a bottle of liquid Paris green. Some time ago an old colored woman was obliged by change of owners to move, much against her will. Recently some friends of hers moved in where she had been and she hastened to warn them not to use the well. She said there was a bottle of quicksilver in that well and she feared the water would not be wholesome. The police searched the well, unearthing a small bottle of Paris green, tightly corked.

Later another bottle was found containing quicksilver, a leather pouch securely tied over the top. Evidently the one who put them there had counted on the pump chain to break the bottles.

The theory is that the woman put the poison in the well to harm her successors and these proving to be her friends, she warned them. No arrests were made, nothing could be proved, and the woman is very old and hardly responsible.

Saturday Justice Gunn settled down to business. First came a civil suit of W. G. Archer vs. Hans Johnson to recover \$110 balance due on books and outfit advanced by him to Archer when canvassing. The case had dragged for two years, and as Johnson was not present or represented, the justice took the case under advisement. He suspended sentence on August Meyer, charged with using indecent language, but repentant and promising to reform, and warned the boys that had been stealing copper from the Peninsular mill to keep off those premises and to quit stealing under pain of sharp treatment next time. About \$50 worth of copper was recovered. Charles Taylor was brought in charged with drunkenness. Taylor is an elderly colored man, and has a habit when drunk of thinking he hears some one coming after him, and going to his door at night and shooting promiscuously into the darkness. His case went over to Tuesday. In the evening Edward Kramer, drunk, paid \$1 and costs and George Miller of Ann Arbor, drunk, paid the costs.

Tuesday the rush began again. Sam Mitchell and Andrew Boyle, the two umbrella menders who are chronic cases, were given 30 days at Ann Arbor for drunkenness. John Adams of Saline paid \$3 and \$4.00 costs for too much circus lemonade and August Meyer, whose reformation was brief, was sentenced to 90 days in the Detroit House of Correction. Wilbur Carter, colored, paid \$3 and costs, \$4.00, for a similar cause. Carter made Officer Ryan a heap of trouble on the street several times while going to jail and got badly battered up for his pains. He began the trouble by picking a fight with one of the showmen, it is said, and getting badly cut in that scrap. The Taylor case came up again that afternoon. Taylor was tried under the statute, though Prosecutor Sawyer said his case came under the ordinance and would not give the order for the trial. Taylor was let off on payment of the heavy costs and on promise to reform. Justice Gunn says Taylor is not a tramp and cases of some sorts of residents will be tried by him under the statute even without the prosecutor. Mr. Sawyer classes all drunks in the hobo class and will not O.K. county fees for them. That evening Clarence Harter, living west of town, pleaded guilty to defrauding the DeMolies of livery hire and paid \$3 and costs, the first case under the new statute.

A Work That Helps the World. The lecture on the work at Beulah farm by Herman L. Swift, its head, at the Methodist church Sunday night was of intense interest to all who care for the efforts being made to rescue the children from the slums and make of them good citizens. Beulah farm is near Boyne City, and a costly house put up by a wealthy resident and secured for a small sum makes a fine home for many orphaned or otherwise homeless boys. These boys are usually those who are either without any one to look after them or whose people cannot control them. They are very bright and learn rapidly. The self-government plan of the colony, like the George Republic in New York, soon teaches them responsibility and arouses pride in their good behaviour for the sake of the colony. They are taught books and work, trained to take care of themselves and to earn an honest living. The home cannot take a fifth of the deserving cases, but over 1300 boys have passed through its portals, many of these having been adopted into good homes. The people who carry on this great work of redemption get only \$1 a week salary besides their board. The collection and pledges made to the work at this meeting were about \$400. Mr. Swift was fortunate in coming at the time of the summer school, for many of the contributors were its attendants.

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Monday evening two of the boys of Beulah farm, "Blackeyes," its president, and a boy impersonator of great gifts, Master Ernest Gatten of Ohio, gave an excellent entertainment at the Baptist church. The house was packed to its limit, and the recitations and songs seemed to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the audience, for the collection amounted to \$55. Mr. Swift was surprised and delighted at the result of his stay here, and those who gave can rest assured that the money will be put to good use.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church—Rev. Wm. Gardam, pastor.

Services in St. Luke's Church, Sunday next, 6th Sunday after Trinity: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Morning prayer, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:30 a. m.; evensong, 5.

Christian Science services are held in the basement of the Savings Bank Building, Sunday at 10:30 a. m. standard; Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. standard; Sunday school, 11:15 standard.

Subject of Lesson Sermon for July 22, "Love."

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy—when used faithfully will bring chronic and difficult cases heretofore regarded as incurable by physicians and is the most reliable prescription known to clean out and completely remove every vestige of rheumatic poison from the blood. Sold by Frank Smith.

In the matter of the estate of Cyrus Mead, deceased.

Edward P. Allen, executor of said estate, having filed in this court his annual account, and praying that the same be approved, it is ordered that the 11th day of August next, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing such account.

At the same time, it is ordered that a copy be delivered to the parties concerned within three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulating in the county of Washtenaw.

Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.] H. Wirt Newkirk, Register.

Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

5¢ Sweet to Eat

Lax-ets

### Council Proceedings.

City Clerk Damon was granted a vacation of two weeks by the council Monday night, one thing that all will agree is well done.

The council went on ordering things about as usual. South Summit street residents who want their curbing at once were granted their request. Curbing was ordered on the west side of Prospect street between Oak and Maple; on north side Congress from Adams to Hamilton; on south Adams by the Younglove place; on east side Adams from Cross street to Florence and from Forest to Olive, both sides; also on north side Ellis from Perrin to Normal. Objections will be heard Aug. 6.

A petition to open Perrin street north from Forest avenue to St. John street, which will be a great convenience to those who send their children to the Normal from St. John and neighboring streets, was referred to the streets and walks committee.

The board of works inquiry as to how the second sewer district is to get more money was referred to the aldermen.

A request for a curb and cement gutter or apron on Pearl street, signed by C. R. Huston and others, caused much discussion. The point was made whether the city or the citizen would have to pay for the apron. Ald. Stevens thought the ward fund should take care of the gutter as in the 3d ward. Finally it was referred to the aldermen of that ward.

The ordinance committee, despairing of making the Ypsi-Ann live up to its present ordinance agreement as to sprinkling brought in an ordinance declaring it unlawful to run cars inside the city limits at over six miles an hour, under penalty of \$50 fine or 90 days' imprisonment for each offense, but exempting the company that thoroughly sprinkled between the tracks and eighteen inches beyond them from this provision.

The ordinance was put over till the next meeting.

All accounts were allowed.

A storm sewer on Adams street between Michigan and Congress was allowed.

Ald. Norton thought the curbing inspector ought to do the assessing of curbing without extra pay, and Ald. Stevens objected to paying half a cent for measuring a foot of curb. Ald. Brown thought \$2 a day for actual time spent should be paid, and it was so settled.

A letter was read from Rev. E. W. Ryan of Detroit, who owns considerable property here, protesting against such high taxes and saying that the masses cannot afford it. His taxes have jumped in two years from \$53 to \$78 on the same property.

Sidewalks were ordered in front of 304 and 308 Ellis street, 309 Washington street, on Oak street in front of the Post, Meyer, Howland, Schaffer, Haggerty, McRobert and Strang property.

The clerk was ordered to notify the park commission not to take down the second grandstand in the fair ground park, as the money was donated by citizens on the understanding that they were to be kept there. The protest was made by the men who wish to use the track for driving matinees.

Church Services.

Baptist Church—Rev. A. J. Hutchins, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Junior meeting, 3; B. Y. P. U., 6. No evening service.

Rev. H. M. Morey will preach in the morning, as Mr. Hutchins preaches at the North Woodward avenue Baptist church in Detroit.

Congregational Church—Rev. A. G. Beach, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30.

Morning theme, "She hath done what she could."

Free Methodist Mission—Rev. J. G. Anderson, pastor.

Free Methodist Mission, 316 Huron street. Services Tuesday and Saturday evenings at 7; Sunday at 2:30 and 7.

Saturday evenings on the street.

Methodist Church—Rev. Eugene Allen, pastor.

Morning service, 10:00; Sunday school, 11:30; Epworth League, 6; Dr. Ford's Bible class, 11:30; Intermediate League and Boys' class, 3.

Morning topic, "The Peacemaker's Privilege." Evening union service, Rev. Francis Carruthers of Marine City will preach.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. C. C. McIntrye, pastor.

Morning service at 10; Sunday School, 11:30; Junior C. E., 3:30; C. E., 6.

Morning theme, "Charity thinketh no evil."

St. John's Catholic church—Rev. Frank Kennedy, pastor.

Low mass, 7:30; high mass, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Vespers, 7:30. Morning service week days at 7:30.

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### The Last of a Pleasant Week.

Richard Wyche Thursday evening gave the finest of his story-lectures, the simple story of the Odyssey, without interruption or digression, and he held his hearers rapt. During the telling of the home-coming of Ulysses, the people were leaning forward and scarcely moving, so complete was the story teller's spell, and nowhere was Mr. Wyche supreme in his art as on this night. Friday night he told some of the King Arthur stories, but he had been unable to get into the mood, so that he chose the story of Geraint instead of the Holy Grail or Elaine as an interlude, and the audience was not so satisfied, till he went on to the passing of Arthur, where the old power and magic came back and the rapport was again perfect, the hearers carried away to the lonely lake and into the mystery of Arthur's passing.

Saturday morning about fifty people had the rare delight of meeting the speaker under the trees for a story telling hour. The party sang plantation melodies and several told good stories, and after much urging President Jones gave a very clever story of his own experience that took the audience by storm. Mr. Wyche then explained the story tellers' league work, its aim to preserve traditions of events and people that are told in all neighborhoods as well as to give the tellers power in self-expression, and ended by telling the "tallypoo" ghost story till his hearers could feel their hair rise, warning them, however, never to tell such stories to young children. The hour was one of the pleasantest of all the week.

### A Day of Accidents.

Harry Breining, son of Joseph Breining, and a popular young man here, was killed at Grass Lake Tuesday morning while helping switch a train. He was brakeman on the Central and was fixing an air brake when the train backed upon him. One leg was cut off and his arm broken. He lived to be brought to the hospital and to leave messages for his dear ones. He was 21 years old and unmarried, and formerly was with Martin Dawson in this city. He leaves a young brother besides his parents to mourn his sad death. The funeral was at the Quaker church to-day.

Joseph Hutting had a serious fall Tuesday morning on the Beyer farm. He fell from a scaffolding on the barn 28 feet, striking on a saw-horse with such force as to break it. His skin was scraped off for some distance and he was severely bruised, but no bones were broken and he hopes to be around soon.

One of the Normal teachers was thrown from her bicycle Tuesday evening on Washington street, by colliding with a horse. She fell so that the buggy passed over her, but was not seriously hurt.

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